



Pyramus and Thisbe,



LONDON,

Printed for Roger Jackson, and are to be sold at
his shop neere Fleet Conduit, 1617.





TO THE WORSHIPFULL

his verie friend, D. B. H. DUNSTAN

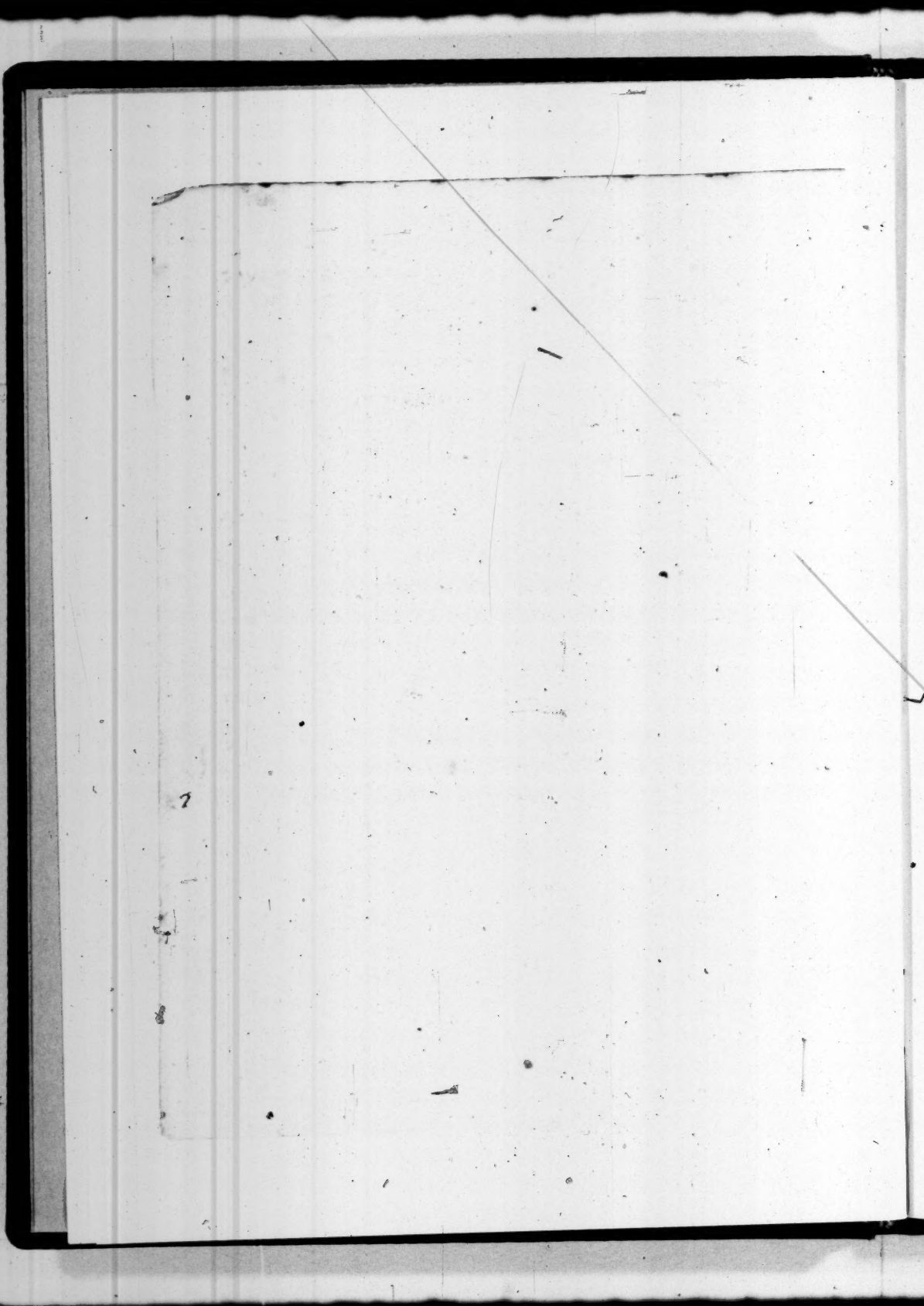
Gale, wisheth all happinesse.



He worthinesse (good Captaine) of your demerits, with the benefit of your friendly curtesies, incites mee to make profer vnto you of this my unpolished Pamphlet, humbly intreating you to vouchsafe it acceptance, in that amongst many whom I haue knowne, I could finde none more meete for the patronizing it then your self. Which if it please you, I hope it wil be the better welcom to others for your sake: and if vnconstant fortune do but once more enable me for better, then shall you find a gratefull minde ready to requite you with a double guerdon for your former kindnesse. Thus crauing pardon for this my rash attempt, I humbly take my leaue this 25. of Nouember, 1596.

Your Worships euer deuoted,

Dunstan Gale.



TYRAMVS AND THISBE.

I

N Eere to the place where *Nilus* channels runne,
There stood a town, by loue long since vndone:
For by a chance that hapned in the same,
The town's forgot, & with the towne the name.
Within which towne (for then it was a towne)
Dwelt two commanders of no small renowne,
Daughter to one, was *Thisbe* smooth as glasse:
Fairer then *Thisbe* neuer woman was.
Sonne to the other, *Pyramus* the bright:
Yong *Thisbe* play-faere, *Thisbe* his delight:
Both firme in loue, as constant and were any,
Both crost in loue, as proud Loue croseth many.

2

For in the pride of sommers parching heat,
When children play and dally in the street,
Yong *Thisbe* seuerd from the common sort,
As gentle nurture lothes each rusticke sport,
Went to an arbour, arbours then were greene,
Where all alone, for feare she should be seene,
She gatherd violets and the Damaske rose,
And made sweet nosegayes, from the which she chose,
One of the sweetest. Sweet were all the rest,
But that which pleasd her wanton eye the best.
And this (quoth she) shall be my true loues fauor:
Hertender nonage did of true loue fauor.

A 3

No

PYRAMVS AND THISBE.

3

No sooner spake, but at her speech she blusht:
 For on the sudden *Pyramus* in rusht,
 Hauing but newly croppt the spredding pine,
 And other branches that were greene and fine,
 Of which to passe his idle time away,
 The boy made wreaths and garlands that were gay,
 And spying *Thisbe*, *Thisbe* made him start,
 And he her blush, so tender was her heart:
 She blusht, because another was so neere,
 He started, for to finde another there;
 Yet looking long, at last they knew each other,
 For why, they lov'd like sister and like brother.

4

When they left looking, for they lookt awhile,
 First *Pyramus*, last *Thisbe* gan to smile,
 I was afraide, thus *Thisbe* straight began:
 Faint (he replied) a maid and feare a man?
 I feard (quoth she) but now my feare is past.
 Then welcome me (quoth *Pyramus*) at last.
 Welcome (quoth she) and then she kist his lips,
 And he from her, sweet *Nectar* drops out sips:
 She pats his lips, he puls her milke white skin.
 Thus children sport, and thus true loue begins:
 But they as children, not as louers gam'd,
 For loue (alas) twixt them was neuer nam'd.

Of

PYRAMVS AND THISBE.

5
Of would he take her by the lillie hand,
Circling her middle, straight as any wand,
And cast her downe, but let her lye alone,
For other pastime *Pyramus* knew none.
Then vp she starts and takes him by the necke,
And for that fall giues *Pyramus* a checke:
Yet at the length she chaunst to cast him downe,
Though on the green she neuer gaine a gowne,
But rose againe, and hid her in the grasse,
That he might tra& the place where *Thisbe* was,
And finding her (as children vse) imbrace her,
For being children nothing could disgrace her.

6
But make the issue, of their sportiue play,
As this sweet couple in the coole shade lay,
Faite *Venus* posting whom to *Taphos Ile*,
Spied their sports, nor could she chuse but smile,
Wherefore she straight vnyok't her siluer teame,
And walkt on foot along the Chrystall streame,
And enuying that these louers were so bold,
VVith iealous eyes she did them both behold.
And as she lookt, casting her eye awry,
It was her chance (vnhappy chance) to spy,
VVhere squint-eyed *Cupid* late vpon his quiuer,
Viewing his none-eyd body in the riuier.

Him

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

7

Him straight she cald, being cald he made no stay,
 But to his mother tooke the neereſt way.
 Yet ere he came, ſhe markt the tother two,
 Playing as oft tofore thier wont to do:
 And then ſhe ſware, yong *Pyramus* was faire,
Thuse but browne, as common women are:
 Anon ſhe wiſht yong *Pyramus* was neere,
 That ſhe might bind loue in his golden haire,
 And loue him too, but that ſhe cald to mind,
 That yong *Adonis* proued ſo vnkinde.
 But *Cupid* came, his comming cauſd her hate them,
 And in a heat, proud *Venus* gan to rate them.

8

Seeſt thou my ſonne (quoſh ſhe) and then ſhe frownd,
 Thoſe brattiſh elues, that dally on the ground?
 They ſcorne my kingdome, and neglect my minde,
 Contemne me as inconstant as the winde.
 Then ſhoot (quoſh ſhe) and ſtrike them ſo in loue,
 As nought but death, their loue-dart may remoue.
 At this he lookt, the boy was loth to ſhoot,
 Yet ſtrucke them both ſo neere the hearts ſweet root,
 As that he made them both at once to cry
 (Quoſh he) I loue, for loue (quoſh ſhe) I die.
 Of this both *Venus*, and her blind boy boſted,
 And thence to *Paph.s* Iſle in triumph poſted.

Now

PYRAMVS AND THISBE.

9

Now was the time, when shepheards told their sheep,
And weary plow-men ease themselues with sleepe,
When loue-prickt *Thisbe* no where could be found,
Nor *Pyramus*, though seruants sought them round.
But newes came straight, that *Pyramus* was scene,
Sporting with *Thisbe* lately in the euen:
Like newes to both their Parents soone was brought;
Which newes (alas) the louers downfals wrought.
For though they lov'd, as you haue heard of yore,
Their angry parents hate was ten times more,
And hearing that their children were together,
Both were afraide least each had murdered other.

10

When they came home, as long they staid not forth,
Their storming parents fround vpon them both,
And charg'd them neuer so to meet againe,
Which charge to them, God knows was endles paine:
For yeres came on, and true loue tooke such strength,
That they were welnigh slaine for loue at length:
For though their parents houses ioynd in one,
Yet they poore peats, were ioynd to liue alone.
So great and deadly was the daring hate,
Which kept their moody parents at debate,
And yet their hearts a^d houses ioynd together,
Though hard constraint, their bodies did disseuer.

B

At

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

11

At length they found, as searching louers find,
A shift (though hard) which somewhat easd their mind:
For lo a time-worne creuis in the wall,
Through this the louers did each other call,
And often talko, but softly did they talke,
Least busie spy-faults should find out their walke:
For it was plapt in such a secret roome,
As thither did their parents seldome come.
Through this they kist, but with their breath they kist,
For why the hindring wall was them betwixt,
Somtimes poor souls, they talkt till they were windles
And all their talke was of their friends vnkindnes.

12

When they had long time vsd this late found shift,
Fearing least some should vndermine their drift,
They did agree, but through the wall agreed,
That both should hast vnto the groue with speed,
And in that arbour where they first did meet,
With semblant loue each should the other greet.
The match concluded, and the time set downe,
Thisbe prepar'd to get her forth the towne,
For well she wot, her loue would keepe his houre,
And be the first should come vnto the bowre:
For *Pyramus* had sworne there for to meete her,
And like to *Venus* champion there to greet her.

Thisbe

PYRAMVS AND THISBE.

13

Thisbe and he, for both did sit on bryers,
Till they enioyd the height of their desires:
Sought out all meanes they could to keep their vow,
And steale away, and yet they knew not how.
Thisbe at last (yet of the two the first)
Got out, she went to coole loues burning thirst,
Yet ere she went (yet as she went) she hide,
She had a care to decke her vp in pride,
Respecting more his loue to whom she went,
Then parents feare, though knowing to be shent,
And trickt her selfe so like a willing louer,
As purblind *Cupid* tooke her for his mother.

14

Her vpper garment was a robe of lawne,
On which bright *Venus* siluer doues were drawne:
The like wore *Venus*, *Venus* robe was white,
And so was *Thisbes*, not so faire to sight,
Nor yet so fine, yet was it full as good,
Because it was not stain'd with true loues bloud.
About her waste, she wore a scarfe of blew,
In which by cunning needle-worke she drew
Loue-wounded *Venus* in the bushie groue,
VVhere she inheated, *Adon* scornd her loue.
This scarfe she wore, (*Venus* wore such another)
And that made *Cupid* take her for his mother.

B 2

Nymph-

PyRAMVS AND THISBE.

15

Nymph-like attyr'd (for so she was attyr'd)
 She went to purchase what true loue desyr'd,
 And as she trode vpon the tender grasse,
 The grasse did kisse her feet as she did passe:
 And when her feet against a floure did strike,
 The bending floures did stoope to doe the like:
 And when her feet did from the ground arise,
 The ground she trod on, kist her heele likewise.
 Tread where she would, faire *Thisbe* could not misse,
 For euery grasse would rob her of a kisse.
 And more the boughs wold bend, for ioy to meet her
 And chanting birds, with madrigals would greet her.

16

Thus goes this maidlike Nymph, or Nymphlike maid,
 Vnto the place afore appointed laide,
 And as she past the groues and fountaines cleere,
 Where Nymphs vsd hunting, for Nymphs hunted
 They sware she was *Diana*, or more bright. (there,
 For through the leaue boughs they tooke delight,
 To view her daintie footing as she tript:
 And once they smil'd, for once faire *Thisbe* slipt,
 Yet though she slipt, she had so swift a pace,
 As that her slipping wrought her no disgrace:
 For of the Nymphs (whose coy eyes did attend her)
 Of all was none, of all that could amend her.

VWhen

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

17

VWhen she had past *Dianes* curious traine,
The crooked way did bending turne againe,
Vpon the left hand by a forrest side,
Where (out alas) a woe chance did betide:
For loue-adoring *Thisbe* was so faire,
That brutish beasts at her delighted are:
And from the rest as many beasts did come,
A lamb deuouring Lion forth did come,
And hauing lately torne a sillie Lambe,
The full gorg'd Lion sported as it came,
To him a sport, his sport made *Thisbe* hie her,
For why, she durst not let the beast come nee her.

18

Yet still it came, to welcome her it came,
And not to hurt, yet fearefull is the name,
The name more then the Lion, her dismayd,
For in her lap the Lion would haue playd.
Nor meant the beast to spill her guiltlesse blood,
Yet doubtfull *Thisbe* in a tearefull moode,
Let fall her mantle, made of purest white,
And tender heart, betooke her straight to flight,
And neere the place where she should meet her loue,
Shee slipt, but quickly slipt into a groue,
And lo a friendly Caue did entertaine her,
For feare the bloody Lion should haue slaine her.

B 3

Thisbe

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

19

Thisbe thus scap't, for thus she scap't his force,
Although (God wor) it fell out farther worse:
The Lion came yet meant no harme at all,
And comming found the mantle she let fall,
Which now he kist, he would haue kist her too;
But that her nimble footmanship said no.
He found the robe, which quickly he might find,
For being light, it houered in the winde:
VVith which the game-some Lion long did play,
Till hunger cald him thence to seeke his prey:
And hauing playd, for play was all his pleasure,
He left the mantle, *Thisbes* chiefeft treasure.

20

Yet ere he left it, being in a mood,
He tore it much, and stain'd it ore with bloud,
Which done, with rage he hasted to his prey,
For they in murther passe their time away.
And now time-telling, *Pyramus* at last,
(For yet the houre of meeting was not past)
Got forth (he would haue got away before)
But fate and fortune sought to wrong him more:
For euen that day, more fatall then the rest,
He needs must giue attendance at a feast,
Ere which was done (swift time was shrewdly wasted)
But being done, the louely stripling hasted.

In

PYRAMVS AND THISBE.

21

In hast he ran, but ran in vaine God wot,
Thisbe he sought, faire *Thisbe* found he not,
And yet at last her long loue robe he found
All rent and torne vpon the bloody ground.
At which suspicion told him she was dead,
And onely that remained in her stead:
Which made him weepe, like mothers, so wept he,
That with their eyes their murdered children see;
And gathering vp the limbes in peecemeale torne,
Of their deare burthen murtherously forlorne:
So *Pyramus* sicke thoughtred like a mother,
For *Thisbes* losse, more deare then any other.

22

Or who hath seene a mournesfull Doe lament
For her young Kid, in peecemeale torne and rent,
And by the poore remainders sit and mourne,
For loue of that which (out alas) is gone?
Let him behold sad *Pyramus*, and say,
Her losse, his loue, doth equalleuery way.
For as a man that late hath lost his wits,
Breakes into fury and disaster fits,
So *Pyramus* in grieve without compare,
Doth rend his flesh, and teare his golden haire,
Making the trees to tremble at his mourning,
And speechlesse beasts to sorrow with his groaning.
Alas

PYRAMVS AND THISBE.

23

Alas (quoth he) and then he tore his flesh,
Gone is the funne that did my Zone refresh,
Gone is the life, by which I wretch did liue,
Gone is my heauen, which hopefull blisse did giue,
To giue me heat, her selfe lyes nak't and cold,
To giue me life, to death her selfe she sold,
To giue me ioy, she bale alas did gaine,
My heat, life, ioy, procur'd her death, bale, paine:
Had I beene here, my loue had not beene dead,
At least the beasts had torne me in her stead,
Or would they yet teare me for company,
Their loue to me would slacke their tyranny.

24

And then he cast his eyes vpon the ground,
And here and there where bloudie grasse he found;
Sweet bloud (quoth he) and then he kist the bloud,
And yet that kisse God wot did little good,
Couldst thou being powr'd into my halfe slaine brest,
Reuiue againe, or purchase *Thisbes* rest,
This hand should teare a passage through the same,
And yet that bloud from *Thisbe* neuer came.
And then he gatherd vp the bloudie grasse,
And looking grieu'd, and grieuing cryde alas,
Where shall I hide this bloud of my deare louer,
That neither man nor beast may it discover?

Then

PYRAMVS AND THISBE.

25

Then in the mantle he the graspe vp tide,
And laid it close vnto his naked side:
Lie there (quoth he) deare to me as my hart,
Of which thy mistresse had the greater part.
Tut she is dead, and then he vow'd and swore,
He would not liue to murder loue no more:
Which spoke, he drew his Rapier from his side,
Of which the loue-flaine youth would then haue dy'd,
But that he thought, that pennance too too small,
To pacifie faire *Thisbes* Ghost withall:
Wherefore he rag'd, and ragingly exclaimed,
That he true loue, and true loue him had maimed.

26

And then his Rapier vp againe he tooke,
Then on the mantle cast a grieuous looke:
For me (quoth he) faire *Thisbe* lost this bloud,
She dead, my life would doe me little good,
And well he thought he could endure the smart
Of death, and yet he could not harme his heart:
For why his hand being guiltlesse of the deed,
Deny'd to make his harmelesse heart to bleed,
And like a trembling executioner,
Constrain'd to slay a guiltlesse prisoner,
His hand retired still, further backe and further,
As lothing to enact so vile a murder.

C

But

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

27

But *Pyramus* like to a raging Iudge,
 Seeing his executioner flinch, and grudge
 To do the duty he enioyn'd him do,
 Reply'd, dispatch, or Ile cut thee off too:
 At which the trembling hand tooke vp the blade,
 But when the second profer it had made,
 It threw it downe, and boldly thus replied,
 He was not cause that louely *Thisbe* dyed,
 Nor would I slay thee, knew I she were dead:
 Then be the blood vpon thy guiltie head.
 Of these last words young *Pyramus* dispences,
 And cald a synodie of all his seuer'd fences.

28

His conscience told him, he deserv'd not death,
 For he deprav'd not *Thisbe* of her breath:
 But then suspicion thought, he causd her dye,
 But conscience swore, suspition told a lye.
 At this suspicion prompted Loue in theare,
 And bad him shew his verdict, and come neare,
 Which soone he did, and sate among the rest,
 As one whom *Pyramus* esteemed best:
 For when proud Loue gaue in his faultie plea,
 He askt if he were guiltie, Loue said yea,
 And with the youth, fond youth by loue entangled,
 Agreed his guiltlesse body should be mangled.

Re-

PYRAMVS AND THISBE.

29

Resolv'd to die, he sought the pointed blade,
Which erst his hand had cast into the shade,
And see, proud Chance, fell Murthers chiefeft friend,
Had pitcht the blade right vpwards on the end,
Which being loth from murder to depart,
Stood on the hilt, point-blanke against his hart:
At which he smil'd, and checkt his fearefull hand,
That stubbornely resisted his command.
And though (quoth he) thou scorn'd to doe my will,
What lets me now my minde for to fulfill?
Both Fate and Fortune to my death are willing,
And be thou wi:nesse of my minds fulfilling.

30

With that he cast himselfe vpon the sword,
And with the fall his tender brest through gor'd:
The angry bloud, for so his bloud was theed,
Gusht out, to finde the author of the deed,
But when it none but *Pyramus* had found,
Key cold with feare it stood vpon the ground,
And all the bloud, I meane that thus was spilt,
Ran downe the blade, and circled in the hilt,
And presently congeald about the same,
And would haue cald it by some murderous name,
Could it haue spoke, nere sought it any further,
But did arrest the Rapier of the murder.

C 2

And

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

31

And as the child that seeth his father slaine,
Will runne (alas) although he runne in vaine,
And hug about the shedder of his blood,
Although God wot, his hugging do small good,
Euen so his blood, the offspring of his heart,
Ran out amaine, to take his fathers part,
And hung vpon the rapier and the hilt,
As who should say, the sword his blood had spilt:
Nor would depart, but cleaue about the same,
So deare it lov'd the place from whence it came:
For sure it was poore *Pyramus* was murdered,
Nor by pursute, could his poore blood be furthred.

32

When this was done, as thus the deed was done,
Begun, alas, and ended too too soone,
Fairst *Thisbe* stricken pale with cold despaire,
Came forth the Caue into the wholsome aire:
And as she came, the boughs would giue her way,
Thinking her *Venus* in her best array.
But she (alas) full of suspicious feare,
Least that the late feard Lion should be there,
Came quaking forth, and then start backe againe,
Fearing the beast, and yet she fear'd in vaine.
She fear'd the Lion, Lions then were feeding,
And in this feare, her nose gusht out a bleeding.

Her

PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

33

Her sudden bleeding argued some mischance,
Which cast her doubtfull senses in a trance,
But of the Lion troubled *Thisbe* thought,
And then of him, whom fearefully she sought:
Yet forth she went, replete with ieaious feare,
Still fearing, of the Lion was her feare:
And if a bird but flew from forth a bush,
She straightwaies thought, she heard the Lion rush.
Her nose left bleeding, that amaz'd her more
Then all the troublous feare she felt before:
For sudden bleeding argues ill ensuing,
But sudden leauing, is fell feares renewing.

34

By this she came into the open wood,
Where *Pyramus* had lost his dearest bloud,
And round about she rolle's her sun-bright eyes
For *Pyramus*, whom no where she espies:
Then forth she tript, and nearly too she tript,
And ouer hedges oft this virgin skipt.
Then did she crosse the fields, and new mown grasse,
To find the place whereas this arbour was:
For it was seated in a pleasant shade,
And by the shepheards first this bowre was made.
Faيرة *Thisbe* made more haste into the bower,
Because that now was iust the meeting hower.

C 3

But

TYRAMVS AND THISBE.

35

But coming thither, as she soone was there,
She found him not, which did augment her feare:
But straight she thought (as true loue thinks the best)
He had beene laid downe in the shade to rest,
Or of set purpose hidden in the reeds,
To make her seeke him in the iedgie weeds,
For so of children they had done before, (more:
Which made her thoughts seeme true so much the
But hauing sought whereas she thought he was,
Shee could not finde her *Pyramus* (alas)
Wherefore she back return'd vnto the arbor,
And there reposd her after all her labor.

36

To one that's weary drowisie sleepe will creepe,
Weary was *Thisbe*, *Thisbe* fell asleepe,
And in her sleepe she dreamt she did lament,
Thinking her heart from forth her brest was rent,
By her owne censure damn'd to cruell death,
And in her sight bereft of vitall breath.
When she awak't, as long she had not slept,
She wept amaine, yet knew not why she wept:
For as before her heart was whole and sound,
And no defect about her could be found,
She dreamt she hurt, no hurt could she discover,
Wherefore she went to seeke her late lost louer.

Suspicious

PYRAMVS AND THISBE.

37

Suspicious eyes, quick messengers of wo,
 Brought home sad newes ere *Thisbe* farre could go:
 For lo, vpon the margent of the wood,
 They spy'd her loue, lye weltring in his blood,
 Hauing her late lost mantle at his side,
 Stained with blood, his hart blood was not dry'd.
 VVistly she lookt, and as she lookt did cry,
 See, see, my hart, which I did iudge to dye:
 Poore hart (quoth she) and then she kist his brest,
 VVert thou inclosd in mine, there shouldst thou rest:
 I could thee die poore heart, yet rue thy dying,
 And saw thy death, as I asleepe was lying.

38

Thou art my hart, more deare then is mine owne,
 And thee sad death in my false sleepe was showne:
 And then she pluckt away the murtherous blade,
 And curst the hands by whom it first was made,
 And yet she kist his hand that held the same,
 And double kist the wound from whence it came.
 Himselfe was authōr of his death she knew,
 For yet the wound was fresh, and bleeding new,
 And some blood yet the ill-made wound did keepe,
 VVhich when she saw, she freshly gan to weepe,
 And wash the wound with fresh tears down distilling,
 And view'd the same (God wot) with eyes vnwilling.
 She

PYRAMVS AND THISBE.

39

She would haue spoke, but griefe stopt vp her breath,
For me (quoth she) my Loue is done to death,
And shall I liue, sighes stopt her hindmost word,
When speechlesse vp she tooke the bloody sword,
And then she cast a looke vpon her Loue,
Then to the blade her eye she did remoue,
And sobbing cride, since loue hath murthred thee,
He shall not chuse but likewise murther me:
That men may say, and then she sigh'd againe,
I thinke, he me, Ioue him and me hath slaine.
Then with resolute, loue her resolute did further:
With that same blade, her selfe, her selfe did murther.

40

Then with a sigh, she fell vpon the blade,
And from the bleeding wound the sword had made,
Her fearefull blood ran trickling to the ground,
And sought about, till *Pyramus* it found:
And hauing found him, circled in his corse,
As who should say, Ile gard thee by my force.
And when it found his blood, as forth it came,
Then would it stay, and touch, and kisse the same,
As who should say, my mistresse loue to thee,
Though dead in her, doth still remaine in me.
And for a signe of mutuall loue in either,
Their ill shed blood congealed both together.

FINIS.

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